Every Week

THE BIG 3¢ WORTH

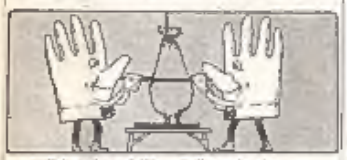
February 14, 1916

Why Sterling Gum is the *clean gum*

Look!!! These pictures show why your Sterling Gum is untouched by hands.

Every Sterling worker starts the day with a fresh-washed pair of clean white gloves. These white gloves are worn through all fourteen processes of Sterling Gum making.

Gloved "hands" boil the Sapota Tree Sap


White-gloved "hands" strain the sap

In kneading, too, white gloves are worn

Here gloved "hands" roll the gum

Gloved "hands" gutter the sticks

The 7-point guco

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point 7 What?

The Sterling Gum Co., Inc., New York
The Sterling Gum Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Do You Live in a Home or Only in a House?

BRUCE BARTON, *Editor*

PEOPLE use words loosely.

They speak of "owning a house" and "owning a home" as if both phrases meant the same.

As a matter of fact, many a man who pays rent all his life owns his own home; and many a family has successfully saved for a home only to find itself at last with nothing but a house.

I knew one such case.

To "own their own home" became a perfect obsession with the family—a false god to which everything else must be sacrificed.

To swell the sacred fund, the father wore clothes so shabby that his business progress was retarded. The children were under-nourished, and two of them died. Life lost every vestige of sweetness in the driving struggle to scrimp and to pay.

At length ambition was realized: they stepped through the door of the house on which the last cent had been paid. They had bought their house: but in the process they had destroyed their home.

At this season of the year, when thousands of families are planning to build or to redecorate, it is well to stop and ask, What is the ideal home?

I should say, first of all, it is a "cozy" place, a place not too large.

The Vatican has 15,000 rooms. The Pope could, if he would, sleep every night for forty years in a different room. The Winter Palace at Petrograd is so vast that, once when repairs were to be made on the roof, peasants were found living there in wooden shacks, their existence unsuspected by the glittering tenants underneath.

But these palaces are not homes.

The turtle does not construct a shell ten times larger than it needs; the bird does not spread her nest across a whole tree-top merely because materials happen to be handy. Only man commits the foolish error of building a house too large to be a home.

The ideal home is a place of rest.

One can rest in a room simply furnished, but not in a department store or a museum. You would not fill your home with warring visitors: do not crowd it with pictures, bric-a-brac, and "souvenirs" that jar and clash.

And the home is a place of peace:

A place where the soul is "restored"; where a few pictures suggest the fragrance and healing of the out-of-doors; where good books lift the tired mind out of itself into the companionship of the wise and great of all ages; where love and sympathy conquer care.

The cave man who first piled stones together into a rude hut did it to provide a shelter for his most precious possession, the sacred fire.

There is a sacred fire that burns in every real home; an altar to restfulness and forbearance and love. He who can claim that altar, whether the shelter built about it be a mansion or only a single room, owns his own home.

He First Notices Your Complexion

That is the thing that decides a woman's beauty—her complexion. That is why you should be particular, very particular, about the powder you use.

Does it simply show the powdered face or does it mean a fine complexion? Is it a real aid to skin beauty, or is it but an added complexion woe?

There are powders and powders, but you will find that the thousands of beautiful women to whom complexion is not a problem use

Carmen Complexion Powder

Decidedly different from any other powder. Not a "make-up" in any sense, but a genuine BEAUTIFIER. Refreshing—restoring—refining. Transforms the muddy, pallorless, rough-tissue complexion into one of apple-blossom beauty. Protects and preserves the freshness and bloom of a delicate skin.

It is not sufficient that a powder look fine in the box or feel fine between the fingers. The test is on the face! Does it show paste? Does it rub or blow off? Does it fail under perspiration? Does it fail under strong electric light or glaring sunlight? One trial of CARMEN will convince you that it measures up to every possible test.

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AMAZING BARGAIN!

Vol. 2. No. 7 Every Week February 14, 1916

Why Wounded Men Feel No Pain

WHY is it that war correspondents who visit military hospitals hear no screams or groans? These wounded soldiers are just common flesh-and-blood men like you and me: they dread the dentist's chair as much; any one of them would cry out as quickly if he ran a fish-hook into his finger. Have you ever wondered about this? Have you ever asked yourself, "Would I be able to stand what these men stand, if I were in their place?" The best answer I have seen to such questions is contained in a remarkable little book by Dr. George W. Crile, "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace." Through the courtesy of Dr. Crile and the Macmillan Company, publishers of the book, I am able to give you these very interesting paragraphs. THE EDITOR.

SOLDIERS say that they find relief in any muscular action; but the supreme bliss of forgetfulness is in an orgy of lustful, satisfying killing in a hand-to-hand bayonet action, when the granted breath of the enemy is heard, and his blood flows warm on the hand. This is a fling back to the period when man had not controlled fire, had not fashioned weapons; when in mad embrace he tore the flesh with his angry teeth and felt the warm blood flow over his thirsty face. In the hand-to-hand fight the soldier sees neither to the right nor to the left. His eyes are fastened on one man—*his man*. In this lust-satisfying encounter injuries are not felt; all is exhilaration; injury and death alike are painless.

When a little child is pursued it turns just before it is caught. All through life, in play and in earnest, the individual turns for the last struggle. Those individuals who did not fight perished, and by perishing left no progeny. And so it is that now most men—perhaps all men—under certain conditions *face* death and fight until death. So it is that now man, whom we consider as civilized, as self-controlled, as evolved to a higher plane than his savage progenitors, is thrilled by the death agony of his fellows.

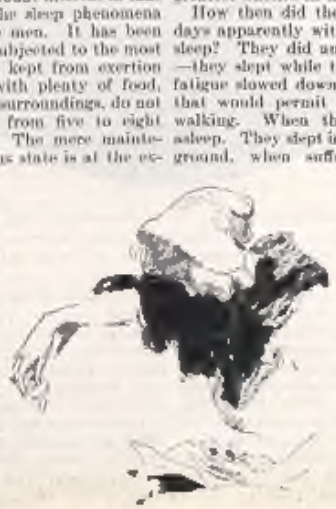
They Slept While They Marched

PERHAPS one of the greatest retreats in history was that of the Allied armies from Mons to the Marne. Again and again I listened to the story from men who participated in that retreat, and their personal experiences varied but little.

After a sustained and heavy action at Mons, being overpowered by the enemy, the Allied armies began the retirement which continued for nine days and nights. One hundred and eighty miles of marching without making camp is the story of that great retreat in which the pace was set by the enemy. Only rarely were sufficiently long halts made for the men to catch a few moments of rest. Food and water were scarce and were irregularly supplied.

The point of paramount interest in that retreat is found in the sleep phenomena experienced by these men. It has been shown that animals subjected to the most favorable conditions, kept from exertion or worry, supplied with plenty of food, and in good hygienic surroundings, do not survive longer than from five to eight days without sleep. The mere maintenance of the conscious state is at the expense of the brain, the adrenals, and the liver, and these changes are identical with the changes in these organs wrought by exertion, infection, and emotion. The changes wrought by these activators can be repaired only during sleep. Sleep, therefore, is as essential as food and air. In this retreat from Mons to the Marne we have an extraordinary human experiment, in which several hundred thousand men secured little sleep during nine days, and in addition made forced marches and fought one of the greatest battles in history.

How then did these men survive nine days apparently without opportunity for sleep? They did an extraordinary thing—they slept while they marched! Sheer fatigue slowed down their pace to a rate that would permit them to sleep while walking. When they halted they fell asleep. They slept in water, and on rough ground, when suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst, and even when severely wounded. They cared not for capture, not even for death, if only they could sleep.



The complete exhaustion of the men in this retreat from Mons to the Marne is vividly told by Dr. Gros of the American Ambulance, who with others went to the battle-field of the Marne to collect the wounded. On their way to Meaux they met many troops fleeing, all hurriedly glancing back, looking more like hunted animals than men, intent only on reaching a haven of safety.

When the ambulances arrived at Meaux at midnight, they found the town in utter darkness. Not a sound was heard in the street, not a light was seen. The only living things were hundreds of cats. They called, they shouted; in vain they tried to arouse some one.

At last they succeeded in awakening the mayor, to whom they said: "Can you tell us in what village we will find the wounded?" We were told there were many here."

The mayor replied: "My village is full of wounded. I will show you."

Stage of Unconditional Exhaustion

WITH the aid of a flickering lamp, they threaded their way through dark streets to a dilapidated school building. Not a light. Not a sound. There was the stillness of death. They rapped loudly; there was no response. Pushing open the door, they found the building packed with wounded—over five hundred—with all kinds of wounds. Some were dying, some dead, but every one was in deep sleep. Bleeding, yet asleep; legs shattered, yet asleep; abdomen and chest torn wide open, yet asleep. They were lying on the hard floor or on bits of straw. Not a groan, not a motion, not a complaint—only sleep!

Surgical aid, the prospect of being taken to a good hospital, the thought of food and drink, of being removed from the range of the enemies' guns, awakened no interest. There was a sleepy indifference to everything in life. They had reached the stage of unconditional exhaustion, and desired only to be left alone.

Dr. Gros' ambulance corps took the worst cases first. These were soldiers

with shattered legs and arms, some with compound fractures, some with penetrating wounds of the abdomen and chest. They made little or no complaint on being picked up, placed in ambulances, and transported.

Thus these men, goaded by shot and shell and the ever-advancing army; for nine days without adequate sleep or food; in constant fear of capture, and finally wounded—thus these men, more dead than alive, came to the hospital; and thus they slept on while their wounds were dressed.

After deep sleep for two or three days, during which they wanted neither food nor drink, they began to be conscious of their surroundings; they asked questions; they experienced pain; they had discomforts and wants. They had returned from the abysmal oblivion of sleep.

That these men had conquered the overwhelming impulse to sleep sufficiently to continue marching and fighting during that nine days' retreat testifies to the dominating power of battle. That a soldier falls asleep during the dressing of severe wounds tells a trenchant story of the intensity of the stimulus that kept him awake.

When They Feel No Pain

THE most striking phenomenon exhibited by soldiers is the absence of pain under the following conditions: (a) In the midst of a furious charge the soldier feels no pain if wounded; and sore and bleeding feet are unnoticed. In the overwhelming excitement of battle he may be shot, stabbed, or crushed without feeling pain. (b) The blow of a high velocity bullet or projectile unaccompanied by the heat of battle causes no pain on impact, though there may be a burning sensation at the point of entrance, and the soldier may feel as if he had been jarred or struck. Frequently he first learns of his wound from a comrade. (c) In the state of complete exhaustion in which loss of sleep is the chief factor pain is quite abolished. (d) Under heavy emotion pain is greatly diminished, even prevented.

We can now offer a mechanistic explanation of these exceptions to the general rule that bodily injury causes pain. During the overwhelming activation in a charge, the stimulus of the sight of the enemy is so intense that no other stimulus can obtain possession of the final common path of the brain—the path of action. Pain is inevitably associated with muscular action; therefore if a bullet or bayonet wound is inflicted at the moment when this injury can not obtain possession of the final common path, it can excite no muscular action and consequently no pain. Hunters attacked by wild beasts testify to the fact that the tearing of the flesh by claws and teeth can not dispossess the excessive activation of the brain by the realization of danger. For this reason the teeth and claws of the beast do not cause any adaptive muscular response and therefore there is no pain. In like manner the emotion of fear in the soldier holds possession of the final common path, so that muscular action against local flesh injuries is prevented. Not only in war does emotion overcome pain; so does great anger; so does the exaltation of religious fanatics in their emotional rites.

As for the diminished pain in exhaustion, especially exhaustion in which loss of sleep is an important factor, the following explanation seems adequate: As we have stated already, pain is always associated with muscular action. Therefore if the kinetic system is so completely exhausted that no more muscular action can be excited, pain is impossible. In a state of exhaustion, therefore, unless the injury is sufficient to mobilize the dregs of energy remaining in the kinetic organs, there will be no muscular action and no pain. This explanation is strongly supported by the fact that as soon as exhausted soldiers had slept long enough to restore in some measure the energy of the brain, the adrenals, and the liver, then muscular action, and coincidentally pain, were evoked normally.

Two Striking Examples

A REMARKABLE example of the depression of pain in the presence of other more dominant stimuli is the case of a young British sergeant, who in a severe engagement while standing near a battery had his leg partially cut off by a shell that failed to explode. He felt no pain, merely a jar, and discovered his injury only when his leg failed to support him. He hopped to a near-by stack of grain and lay down behind it. Here he took out his dull one-bladed knife and completed the amputation, feeling no pain in making the division. An ambulance squad started for him, but immediately the enemy fired upon them, killing one. The fire becoming more intense, the sergeant rolled over and over into a near-by ravine. The enemy advanced so fast that in his excitement he struggled up and, forgetting that his leg was gone, threw his weight on the stump. Even then he felt no pain. For several hours he lay there without pain until after the danger had passed and he was removed by the stretcher squad. Then his suffering began.

The fact that pain is an accompaniment of muscular action, and that without some associated muscular action there is no pain, makes it clear that there can be no pain when the system is as exhausted as in the soldiers on their retreat to the Marne. A striking illustration of the absence of pain in the presence of extreme fear and exhaustion is found in an incident related by Dr. Gros, which occurred during the transportation of wounded soldiers who had made the exhausting march from Mons to the Marne.

It was a dark night, and the hospital train filled with the wounded was crossing the river Gureq. The engineer failed to see that the bridge was broken, and the train plunged into the river beneath, some of the cars remaining on the bridge and some being suspended in mid-air. The patients in the suspended cars, struggling like worms in a bottle, were thrown in heaps against the ends. The engine exploded, the cars were filled with live steam, and many of the wounded were burned to death. The suspended cars could not be righted, and the wounded were dragged out by main force.

Such intensified cruelty could not come even to trapped animals. It could come only through the ingenuity of man—through the machinery of civilization. And yet these men, suffering from fear, excessive marching, fighting, the loss of sleep, and the plunge into darkness, scalded, steamed, grilled, and finally shattered and bleeding—these men felt no pain!

Raising Dogs for Profit

By ALDEN FEARING

NOT long ago I received a letter, typical of many others, which ran somewhat as follows:

> I am a woman living in a small country town, and I am anxious to find some method of earning money that will not take me away from home. I am very fond of dogs and have always been successful in rearing the puppies I have owned. Would it be feasible for a woman in my position to go into the business of raising puppies for sale? How should I begin? How much capital would I need? How much space and what equipment? How can I be sure of finding a market? What breed do you recommend?

Perhaps I can best answer all these questions by relating the experiences of a woman who has done this very thing successfully—Mrs. Edith M. Baker of North Hampton, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Baker chose the Old English or bob-tailed sheep-dog, because that breed was particularly attractive to her. It is not one of the most popular breeds in this country, but high prices are obtainable for good specimens, and Mrs. Baker has succeeded in securing customers for her output. In the past few years the breed has become better known here, owing to the appearance of several fine importations and their progeny in the dog shows.

The Old English sheep-dog is an ancient breed of Great Britain. In character he is affectionate and intelligent, seldom becoming bad-tempered, and as a rule a splendid companion for children. In appearance he is one of the shaggiest of dogs, with his bear-like gait and his immense coat, fairly covering his face. He is a large, powerful dog, and much more active than one would suspect.

Having decided upon this breed for her future operations, Mrs. Baker sought for the best breeding stock. This was in 1908. With Mr. Baker she made a trip to England, visiting Mrs. Charter's famous kennels at Brentwood. She became convinced anew that the bob-tail was an ideal country dog, and purchased two of the Brentwood strain. The male was a son of the famous Shepton Hero, and the bitch was a gray beauty called Brentwood Cherry Girl. The pair were brought back to America without great expense, there being no duty on thoroughbred dogs imported for breeding purposes.

Brentwood Saucy and Woodland Roughhouser, two famous examples of the sheep-dog—an ancient breed of Great Britain that is becoming popular in the United States.

Their first and only litter consisted of six pups, of which one likely youngster, Woodland Simon, was kept. The other five were sold on the strength of their pedigree at an average of $50 apiece. Unfortunately, Cherry Girl was soon after run over and killed by an automobile; and as the first dog was not proving to be a good breeder, he was sold.

Mrs. Baker began again, buying a litter of four pups in this country, and importing another pair from England. A daughter of this pair, Woodland Judy, proved to be a splendid mother, being mated to one of the American dogs, Woodland Roughhouser. Mrs. Baker now has half a dozen fine breeding animals.

The bob-tail is a dog of slow development, not maturing fully in size and coat until he is three years old. He may live to be twenty. He is naturally hardy, thriving best out of doors, though he should have a sheltered sleeping-place during winter storms. For the most part, Mrs. Baker has succeeded in keeping her dogs remarkably healthy.

It Pays When You Know How

MRS. BAKER issues the following directions for feeding puppies: One puppy biscuit at seven or eight o'clock; milk, slightly warmed, at ten or eleven o'clock; cereal or shredded wheat with milk at twelve or one o'clock; milk at three or four o'clock; raw meat, ground, with boiled rice, at six or seven o'clock. Gradually drop the milk feedings after four months, and at six months and after give a dog biscuit, or one and a half, for breakfast, a piece of dry bread or a dry bone at noon, and a hearty meal at night of cooked or raw meat with rice or shredded wheat or other cereal, slightly moistened with soup. Salted, well cooked vegetables, such as carrots, cabbage, beans, or spinach, may be added to this mixture. Boiled fish may be substituted for meat occasionally. Always give plenty of water in clean dishes. Never feed poultry or pork.

"For exterminating fleas," she says, "soak ten cents' worth of quassia chips overnight in hot water; sponge the skin and brush the hair with the liquid. Brush the dog every day the wrong way with a bristle or whalebone brush for a good coat."

Mrs. Baker started with one double kennel, but soon found it necessary to build a range of open-air kennels with spacious runs.

"The dog business does pay," says Mrs. Baker, "if one can stand the disappointments and discouragements of the first few years. A well known dog breeder once said that he had to fill a graveyard with dogs before he learned to bring them up. But that is true of almost any enterprise in live stock. I have learned now by experience how to cope successfully with puppy ills, and have not lost a dog or a puppy for two years. I think I could start anew with $600 and make it pay, but most people have to expect to pay something for experience."

The Quail Call

By WILL PAYNE

Illustrations by Robert Amick

This is the boy, and this is the dog, that saved the life of Lovell when rubbers—But read the story yourself

THE police record shows that the man called Pinkey had once, in a brief season of aberration, worked for a farmer near Prophetstown. Presumably it was from him that the other three learned of Lovell and got their knowledge of local topography. But, as Lovell was a staple subject of countryside gossip in that part of Illinois, they might have heard about him in any one of a hundred ways.

Having heard about him, they decided to rob him—with or without homicide, as circumstances might decide. They stole the automobile at Fremont, thirty-five miles southwest of Prophetstown, and drove up in the night.

Near Prophetstown they left the main road and struck into a rude wagonway through the woods. The good timber had nearly all been cut off. What now stood was mostly small second-growth stuff, too thick for good forestry and tangled with underbrush. This road was hardly ever used and just passable. Nevertheless, as an extra precaution, they lifted the light car off the road and pushed it into a thicket. This was at a spot about a mile and a half from Prophetstown.

They slept there, and loafed most of the next day. The trampled ashes of their fire were discovered the day following. Between two and three o'clock the man whose real name was Wade Kelley set out to reconnoiter. When I saw him, several years after this event, he was about forty-five, and not a man whose sinister appearance would have attracted your attention on the street. He was lean and broad-shouldered, with small, coldly twinkling gray eyes and an overshot lower jaw that looked a couple of sizes too big for the rest of his face.

He followed the rude wagon-track until it emerged from the woods on the side toward Prophetstown, they having entered the woods on the opposite side. At his right, as he came out of the woods, was a long, gently sloping hillside, overgrown with hazel brush and bearing a few oak trees.

This was October, with the leaves turning yellow and crimson, a haze in all distant views, and a rare mellowness in the air—all of which the big-shouldered man probably didn't notice much. But he had not gone far when he heard the call of a quail in the brush.

You know, there is something both shy and saucy about the call of a quail; something cheerful with a sadness in it; something that laughs a little and flits away. A minute or two later he heard the call again—nearer this time; and again, mechanically, he looked up the hillside.

This time he saw something—to wit, a chunky brindle cross-bred dog that stood in a little opening between two clumps of hazel brush, with its mouth open and tongue out, laughing at him. The yeggman frowned, having a prejudice against all dogs. A little later the hillside flung a volley of quail calls down at him—such a succession of them as only an inebriate bird could have uttered. Really surprised, Kelley looked up there once more.

In another opening in the brush, hardly three rods away, the dog stood laughing at him. Also, a slim boy, with dancing brown eyes, was peering at him from a bushy ambuscade, laughing silently like the dog. While Kelley stared, the boy stood out from behind the brush—a bare-headed lad of six or seven. He pursed his lips and gave the quail call. Apparently he considered it a sort of friendly joke on the wayfarer. But Kelley, with no joking business in mind, glowered at him. Whereupon boy and dog darted behind the brush. Although the yeggman watched as he trudged on, he saw no more of them.

The wagon-track presently ran into a traveled road that wound around the long, low shoulder of the hill by a gentle ascent. Passing the hill's shoulder, he came into full view of Prophetstown.

There was the canal which, along in the 1830's, had given Prophetstown what meager and fleeting commercial advantage it ever possessed. For many years now hardly anybody except the frogs and a few job-holders had taken the least interest in the canal. By 1845 the railroad was completed to Glidden, five miles west, and at that Prophetstown, commercially speaking, about gave up the ghost. Some buildings were moved bodily over to Glidden. Some others stood in blind and gaping dilapidation. Even the sidewalks had mostly been torn up for kindling long ago.

Miss Beasley, with nine pupils of various ages gathered from near-by farms, taught an ungraded district school in one room of the decaying school-house. Every fourth Sunday the Methodist church—nearly paintless now—was opened for services. In the leaky structure that had been a hotel—its south end lurching disreputably toward the canal as if bent on a dissipated suicide—old Aunt Lucinda Gregg gave economical table board to several hands who worked in the stone quarry.

Beyond the hotel, on the bank of the canal, stood a rude, dingily yellow frame structure, one story high and nearly two hundred feet long. That was Lovell's, and Lovell was the paradox of Prophetstown. They would tell you anywhere in two townships that, no matter what you wanted to buy or sell, you could do business with Lovell. It was well settled that the canal could not compete with the railroad. Yet Lovell floated out stone and grain, and floated in coal and fertilizer. Even now, a clumsy, time-blackened, water-eaten canal-boat was tied up at the narrow and weather-beaten wharf on the canal-side, taking on sacks of wheat. Lovell would buy your dozen eggs or sell you a spool of thread or lend you five thousand dollars on a farm mortgage, if the security was good, or buy the farm outright if the price suited him.

While Prophetstown placidly decayed, he prospered. They said he learned the trick from his father, who ran the general store there before him. They said there was no end to his money. They said—especially in the fall when grain was coming in—he kept thousands of dollars in cash on hand. This was the point that more particularly interested Wade Kelley, and his friends.

TRUDGING down the gentle descent from the shoulder of the hill, his hands thrust in the pockets of his shabby sack-coat, his slouch hat pulled over his brows, Kelley surveyed Prophetstown with coldly twinkling little eyes. On the whole, it looked good to him. He surveyed more especially the long, dingily yellow building. This end toward him was no doubt the front. An electric light bulb, suspended from a crooked iron arm, hung over the door. Presumably Lovell brought the current in from the trolley line two miles distant—a great stroke of enterprise for Prophetstown. The door, like the door of a barn and mounted on rollers at the top, stood wide open. Nobody was in sight around there. Kelley strode over and entered.

This part of the establishment was evidently the "general store." Paintless shelves on one side contained canned goods, some glass jars of drugs, some patent medicines, an open box of prunes, a smaller one of figs, tobacco for chewing and smoking. There was an open barrel of sugar, two of crackers. A big cut cheese under a glass cover stood on the rough counter; beside it was a tall case of frosted ginger cookies. On the other side were bolts of calico, sheeting, and the like. That counter was piled with overalls, felt boots, wool mittens, thick caps. The space between the two counters was heaped with a haphazard agglomeration of merchandise—crockery, tinware, some oil-lamps, set on two long tables; spades, hoes, pitchforks, churns, lying or standing on the floor. To avoid stepping on something one must pick one's way.

The place seemed deserted, but at the farther end a door stood ajar. Kelley looked about a moment, then walked leisurely toward it, listened, and pushed the door wide. It opened into a dusty office perhaps fifteen feet square. The farther wall, above the wainscot, was paneled with glass, through which he could see a long ware-room containing merchandise of various sorts. A desk with papers and a telephone on it stood against this wall, and—what interested the yeggman most—there was a large safe in the corner.

The office had three doors—that by which Kelley had entered from the store; one in the glass-paneled wall opposite that gave on the ware-room; and one in the blank wall at the left. The latter was shut. Kelley put his ear to it a moment, gently tried the knob, pushed it open, and looked into a bedroom. The only light came from the door in which he stood, and from a window in the partition between the bedroom and the ware-room. It was a bare sort of place, with a rag carpet on the floor, a small bureau and washstand, a white iron cot, and a clothespress. A calico curtain hung diagonally across the corner back of the cot.

With an interest that was partly professional and partly just curious, the intruder stepped over and lifted the curtain. A triangular shelf of plank had been built into the corner behind the curtain a foot above the floor. On this shelf stood a barrel with a wooden spigot in it. Kelley squatted down and put his nose to the spigot. When he stood up again he was grinning. The barrel contained whiskey.

On the other side of the bedroom was an apartment about as large as the office. Its furnishing showed that it was used as a kitchen and dining-room. In these two rooms, evidently, the proprietor lived—with a barrel of whiskey in the corner. Kelley was still grinning when he went back to the office.

From the office he went into the long, cavernous ware-room. A big door on the canal side stood open. He caught the sound of voices beyond it, and approached the door. A narrow dock ran along the canal side of the building. Three men were making some rearrangement of the sacks of grain in a funereal canal-boat. A fourth man stood on the dock, overseeing the work.

This fourth man was rather under medium height and spare. His shoes were rusty; he wore a frayed and baggy suit of faded brown; his derby hat had seen long service; one might guess his age at about forty. A brown beard, short, thick, and ragged, covered his cheeks and chin. Contrasted with this mat of dark hair, his face looked colorless. Aware of Kelley, he glanced around. His eyes were brown, liquid, luminous.

Smoking tobacco, Kelley explained, was what he was looking for. Yes, Lovell had the brand mentioned, and led the way back into the shop, where he handed over the tin and took the yeggman's dime, then gave him a handful of matches. Standing before the counter, his stocky legs somewhat apart, his fists thrust into his coat pockets, his hat over his brows, his coldly twinkling little eyes upon the merchant, Kelley did his best to be sociable. Behind the counter, gravely passive, neither encouraging loquacity nor discouraging it, Lovell answered his questions—offering nothing himself, merely passive; but answering always with perfect courtesy, in a low voice.

The business of the grain sacks waited. Evidently no more trade was to be expected from this doubtful-looking customer with the exaggerated jaw; but, as long as he wished to ask anything, the merchant would stand there answering—with a courtesy so fine, albeit so undemonstrative, that plumes and ruffles would not have been ashamed in its company. That was one reason why Lovell's competed on rather better than even terms with the railroad towns. It struck even Kelley that the man was singularly self-contained. Only his luminous eyes seemed, so to speak, to let him out.

Something else soon struck Kelley more forcibly—that is, a chunky, cross-bred brindle dog that bounded in through the front door, dashed around the counter, stood on its hind legs and rested its paws on Lovell's frayed trousers, looking up into the merchant's face with that bursting devotion which only a dog has the trick of. Lovell smiled a little and put his hand on the dog's head. Satisfied with

that, the animal dropped to all fours, out of Kelley's sight, behind the counter.

"Your dawg?" said the yeggman.

"Yes," said the merchant.

Kelley managed a further observation or two on the subject of dogs, and withdrew. Conversation of a general nature was not much in his line; besides, he had already sized up his man and his plant. As for the man, Kelley's opinion was contemptuous; as for the plant, a capable person could, figuratively speaking, walk through it anywhere. He had noticed the simple hasp and padlock by which the big door that gave from the ware-room to the dock was fastened. That would be especially feasible. The dog, he thought from its general appearance and collar, was the same he had seen with the boy on the hillside. A dog was an inconvenience, but only that. Fortunately, they had reckoned with the possibility of there being a dog. If a bit of strychnine would not answer, a blow with a club certainly would.

Finesse was not, finally, what they relied upon. A dog might bark; a man might yell; an unready and bewildered neighborhood might be aroused. But there were four of them,—all men of nobility,—and it would take them only twenty minutes to blow the safe. Viewing the situation in that light, Kelley walked out into the road and contemplated Prophetstown with a small, thin grin on his lips. It was only a country road now, although it had once been Main Street. Half a dozen deserted buildings straggled forlornly on either side of it. Removed from it a dozen rods, under the hillside oaks, stood the decaying school-house; then the paintless church. Three or four frame dwellings were scattered on the hillside; but all except the small white one opposite the church seemed deserted. Just ahead of him on the right was the two-story ramshackle building that had been the hotel, now out of plumb and in advanced decrepitude. Such was the town.

That any considerable resistance could arise here seemed out of the question. Still, there was the little matter of the dog. By hanging around a while he might dispose of that, and he had plenty of time. Two stout and ancient chairs stood on the porch of the old hotel. He went over coolly, sat down in one of them, and lighted his pipe.

IT may have been the creaking of the porch or the clump of his heavy foot upon it. At any rate, he had scarcely got the pipe lighted when the warped door at his right opened and a little old man peered out at him.

"Thought I'd set down a minute," said Kelley sociably.

The little old man contemplated him a moment through squinting eyes. Then he came out and sat down in the other chair. His bullet head was bare; his stubby mustache was nearly white, his sparse hair quite white; his weazened face the mellow red of an old brick. What teeth remained in his lower jaw were discolored and crooked; but his false upper teeth were faultlessly, dazzlingly regular. His short legs were encased in a pair of butternut trousers that had evidently been worn and bagged at the knee by a man much larger than himself. To suit his short legs, they had been cut off, so when he stood up in them he looked strangely as if his knees were where his ankles ought to be. Seating himself, he took a ragged end of plug tobacco from his trousers pocket and gnawed off a bite. As soon as he had spat, he wiped his lips on the horny back of his hand and inquired:

"You a stranger here?"

KELLEY replied in the affirmative, and with that preliminary the little old man began to talk. His conversation resembled the canal, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere, never rising, never falling, without perceptible current, with no objective, no purpose—but always there, perdurable, stagnant, and inexhaustible. He was Aunt Lucinda Gregg's husband. For more than forty years he had been her husband, and had never been or done anything else in particular. He talked about the canal, the crops, the weather, the oak leaves, the dust in the road, the chair, automobiles, hickory-nuts. Now and then he spat, wiped his lips on the back of his hand, then went on in the same pitch: "'N', as I was sayin'—"

At a hint from Kelley he talked about Lovell, beginning with his father; talked of his shrewdness, his wealth, the number of farms he owned, just where they were located, who worked them, and how many cattle there were on them; how much coal he sold and grain he bought.

"Booze-fighter, ain't he?" Kelley inquired.

The old man spat and wiped his lips.

"'N', as I was sayin', he's the goldirndest, all-firedest, stubbornest man that ever was on earth. Yes, sir; he is that. Allus has been. His father was before him. Let him git a idee in his head, and you can't blast it out with dynamite. Army mule's nothin' to him."

Although he used many expletives, he pronounced them without the least emphasis, all in the same monotonous dow.

"'N', as I was sayin', the more they talk about it, the surer he'll be to keep right on drinkin'. I says to Pastor Medford, when he preached that sermon kind of hintin' at it around the bush, 'Land sakes, pastor,' I says, 'don't you know enough to let him alone? If you let him alone he'll stop it; but if you keep at him he won't.' I believe it's just pride 'n' stubbornness with him. 'N', as I was sayin', about four, five times a year he'll get drunk. Stands to reason if he was a real drunkard he'd get drunk oftener."

"What does he do when he gets sassed?" Kelley inquired, the general subject being one in which he had a personal interest.

"Don't do nothin' at all," the old man replied. "Just shute himself up in his bedroom and fills his hide. Prince, the nigger that cooks for him,—hunks in the warehouse there; reckon he's drove over to Glidden to-day,—looks out for him and runs the store next day. 'N', as I was sayin', it's just pride and stubbornness. Father and son, them Lovells is terrible proud—terrible proud. Yes, sir; he just couldn't knuckle down to anybody. Kind of a disease with him, I reckon. Works the other way around, too. If he owed you five cents, he'd walk from here to Chicago 'n' back but what he'd pay it. He wouldn't no more have a load of coal one jump short weight 'n nothin' in the world. That's partly why he does such a terrible big business. Everybody's got perfect confidence in him. Leave their money with him same's they would in a bank. He's too proud to be anything but square.

"'N', as I was sayin', his father was like him—terrible proud, 'n' stubborn's a mule. His wife run off and left him. There was considerable scandal about it when this fellah was a lad—kind of soured him maybe. I remember the old man—though he wasn't as old as me—back in Civil War times."

Aunt Lucinda's husband then drifted away into Civil War reminiscences.

He was still drifting when they heard the call of a quail beyond the shoulder of the hill. Stopping his narrative, the old man cocked his head to one side, listening.

"I reckon that's Bobby—Cynthy Thayer's boy," he commented. "Now you'll see the dog in a minute."

THE quail call sounded again. The brindle dog dashed out of the store door and bounded up the road. Aunt Lucinda's husband spat, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and tittered.

"Yes, sir; there he goes," he said, watching the dog rush up the road. "That's the greatest youngster for roamin' around you ever see. I says to Cynthy, says I, 'Holy smoke, if that boy had a bushy tail he'd be a squirrel.' Saturdays, now, him and the dog'll tramp around 'most all day."

"His dog?" Kelley inquired.

"No, Lovell's dog," the old man replied. "Leastways, Lovell pays the dog tax on him. I says to Cynthy, says I, 'Bobby's married the dog, so you might as well marry Lovell and have it all in one family.'" He tittered over this witticism. "Yep; there hur and the boy come now. I reckon she's been over to Joneses'—yellah farm-house on your right t'other side the canal—givin' a music lesson. Yep; there's where she must 'a' been."

A woman, a boy, and a dog had come into sight around the shoulder of the hill. Kelley recognized the boy as the lad he had seen at the edge of the woods. His mind, however, was really upon the dog, and he asked aimlessly, "Live here?"

"Up yonder," replied the old man, nodding toward the little white dwelling opposite the church. "That was her ma's house 'fore she was married, so she come back to it. She married Lem Thayer. He was a fireman on the railroad then. His folks owned a farm over toward Glidden. Lem got killed in a wreck when they'd been married only a year or two. That was five, six years ago. Cynthy come back here to her ma's house then. Bobby was just a baby. Railroad pays her ten dollars a month pension, and they's three, four farmers around here where she gives the youngsters music lessons; but, 's I was sayin'," Why, Moses and the prophets, Cynthy,' says I, 'they ain't more'n half a livin' for you and Bobby in that. You ought to marry,' I says."

BOBBY had stopped some distance up the road. Having found a piece of board there, the size of a man's hand, he had shown it to the dog, then thrown it into a patch of weeds, where the dog was frantically hunting for it. The woman came on leisurely, smiling a little. When she was near them, the old man called:

"Hello, Cynthy! Been over to Joneses'?"

"Yes," she answered, and gave a little laugh. The laugh seemed to be at the old man's inquisitiveness, as if it were the object of a fond amusement, such as one has for the frank greediness of a little child. She was slender, and graceful in a brown skirt and shirt-waist that may have cost three dollars, not counting the time it took her to make them. Even Kelley noticed her gray eyes and how thick her wavy brown hair was. Otherwise she was not in the least to his taste. A kind of shy, gleaming grace, a sweet tone and look that suggested the peeping flower, were not in his category of feminine charms. No violets for him, when there were sunflowers. Besides, his mind was busy with the dog.

She stopped a moment in front of the ruinous porch, gossiping with the old man, smiling a little, laughing a little. She glanced back over her shoulder to where boy and dog together were beating up the weed patch; then went leisurely up the hillside toward the small white house opposite the church.

The old man spat, tittered, and drifted on:

"'N', as I was sayin', with the boy growin' up and her not gettin' any younger, she'd better 'n' married when she had the chance. I reckon he's the richest man in this part the county. Leastways,

"The cashroom was invaded with light. 'Drop those guns!' somebody said."

he's got enough. But, jumpin' Jehosiphat, she's just as stubborn as Lovell is. No doin' anything with either of 'em."

"Lovell wanted to marry her?" Kelley remarked, with one eye on the dog.

The old man paused a long moment, as if the answer required deliberation.

"Well, sir," he announced at length, "Mis' Epperson—that's her aunt—and Mis' Peasley—her husband's related to her, too—both say he wanted to marry her the worst way 'fore ever she married Leon Thayer. She wa'n't but nineteen then. The women say he had a terrible case on her. He's a mighty close-mouthed fellah, Lovell is, and a close-actin' fellah. You can't never get nothin' out of him. But the women say he had a terrible case on her.

"N', as I was sayin', it simply stands to reason—whether he had a case on her afore nor not. She's a likely young woman, and he's all alone there, sleepin' in his store, with a nigger to cook for him, and gettin' drunk four, five times a year, and rich as all get-out. Naturally, he'd want to marry her. 'N', as I was sayin', they was about a year that he was settin' up there on her porch all the time when he wasn't in the store, and takin' her to church,—only times he ever went to church in his life, far's anybody knows,—and buyin' a new side-bar buggy and all that. Everybody supposed they was engaged. Guess they ain't hardly spoke a word for a year, now. I never see 'em speak a word, nor nobody else, far's I've been able to find out. It's plumb ridiculous."

HE said something more, but Kelley did not heed it. The blackened bit of board—finally recovered from the weed patch—came sailing through the air and landed in the grass just in front of the warped porch. The brindle dog, rushing up, caught it in his mouth and stood on the defensive, ears cocked, head to one side, growling a little. According to the rules of the game, the boy should now fall upon him and try to twist the stick from his mouth, while he bristled and twisted and growled in mock rage. The boy did, indeed, begin the attack, his brown eyes dancing.

But a call, "Oh, Bobby!" came down from the little white house opposite the church. Over west the sun, two yards above the horizon, was now a great ruddy disk on a gold and azure field.

The boy stopped and looked up. His dancing brown eyes found Kelley, not ten feet away, looking down at him from the porch chair. The boy's eyes stopped dancing. He stared hard at the man a moment, gave the dog's head a perfunctory parting pat and said, "Home, Jake!" then started up the hill.

"Reckon it's gettin' toward suppertime," Aunt Lucinda's husband observed, and slid out of his chair and stumped inside on rheumatic legs, without other adieu.

The dog was on his haunches, the bit of board in his mouth, watching with rueful resignation the small figure that retreated up the hillside.

Kelley stood up, snapped his fingers and called shyly, with guile, "Here, Jake! Here, Jake!"

The dog regarded him with unresponsive dubiety. So far as Kelley could see, only the retreating boy was in sight. He stepped from the porch, took a piece of raw meat done up in brown paper from his inside pocket, and held it down at his side.

That struck a responsive chord. The dog sniffed, advanced a step, put his nose to the paper, and wagged his tail.

Bobby, turning to climb the porch of the small white house and looking back, saw Kelley walking down the road with the dog close at his side.

A little farther up the road Kelley tossed the package in the edge of the weed patch, and Jake bounded after it. Walking on, he saw the dog pawing the paper away to get at the meat, and his lips moved in a thin grin. At the shoulder of the hill he looked back. The sun was setting, and in Prophetstown there was not a sign of life. The ferryman could fairly have chuckled thinking how easy it would be.

"Cynthia blushed when she saw who it was. 'Will you come out here a minute?' he said."

Presently, however, a sign of life appeared, in this wise: Entering the small white house, with Kelley's exaggerated jaw and coldly twinkling little eyes fresh in his memory, Bobby told his mother about the four men he had seen in the woods and the one who had come to town. It disturbed her. She too remembered the man who had been sitting on the hotel porch with Aunt Lucinda's husband. She questioned Bobby, and the disturbance in her mind increased.

It was getting dusk now, and she went into the little kitchen to prepare supper. Her hands and feet moved mechanically; her mind labored with anxious doubts and questions. The kitchen door was open, and presently she heard down the hill a crude imitation of Bobby's quail call. She knew well enough what it was, yet ran to the window and looked out. Lovell stood in the door of the long yellow building, whistling to his dog—not with the clear, shyly saucy call that quails and Bobby made, but with a man's bungling counterfeit of it. He had taken up that way of calling the dog from Bobby.

FOR a long minute she looked and listened—to the lonesome man calling his dog with that poor imitation of her boy's call. The man might be in danger. She looked and listened, abeyant, her lips parted, her heart stricken and fluttering at the base of her throat. But no dog came. That was a great point, because Jake always came. She darted to the front room, stooped, and caught Bobby's shoulders in her two hands, holding him straight in front of him.

"Dear, run down to Mr. Lovell! Tell him I want to see him now. Tell him to come here! Go quick!"

So there was this sign of life: A small boy speeding down the hillside; then, very soon, the same boy and a man in a faded brown suit and well worn derby hat coming up the hill; the man silent, but with one hand up to his short, ragged brown beard as if his nerves were discomposed. Cynthia was waiting for him on the porch. She told him Bobby's story. A few minutes later he found the dead dog's still warm body.

IT was just after midnight when the four adventurers marched into Prophetstown. Led by Kelley, they filed with careful steps along the narrow dock on the canal side of the yellow building. As he had anticipated, the big door gave little resistance to their crow-bar. Opening it made some noise, but they heard no sound from within, and so entered, each with a gun in his hand. Kelley made for the negro's cot in the corner, and had nearly reached it when the cavernous ware-room was flooded with light, and somebody said, "Drop those guns!"

Turning under a full glow of electric lights, they saw first five leveled shotguns, held by the sheriff, the deputy sheriff, Farmer Jones, and two hands from the stone quarry. Forming the left wing were Farmer Jones' hired man with a repeating rifle, the negro, and Lovell, who had revolvers merely. The odds were obviously overwhelming.

The police record contains nothing more except the imprisonment, trial, and conviction. But soon after seven o'clock next morning Lovell climbed the hill to the white house opposite the church, and knocked on the door. He carried an envelope in his right hand. Cynthia opened the door, and blushed when she saw who it was.

"Will you come out here a minute?" he said, as one who pleads for a favor.

She stepped out on the porch, and looked down the hillside as a motion of his head bade her do. Prince, the negro, was rolling a barrel with a wooden spigot in it out of the yellow building. He rolled it to the bank of the canal, and there left it, returning to the store.

Cynthia looked around at Lovell, her lip trembling a bit, and lightly clasped her hands. Prince returned with an ax, smashed in the head of the barrel, and poured its contents into the canal.

Lovell then opened the envelop, took out a square of white pasteboard with a white ribbon tied in its corner, and handed it to her. The printing on the pasteboard said:

I solemnly promise never to touch or taste intoxicating liquor again as long as I live, so help me God.

It was signed with his name, the ink still green. But the white ribbon was hers. She had tied it there when she gave him the blank pledge a year and more before.

"May I come in now, Cynthia?" said Lovell under his breath.

She could only nod, for her throat was so full she could not speak.

How to Use Your Watch as a Compass

By EL COMANCHO

EVERYBODY knows that a compass needle points approximately north. If one sets a compass on a level plane at just noon, and then sets up a straw over the pivot of the needle so that the straw is perfectly perpendicular, the shadow will fall over "north" on the compass dial (provided one knows and allows for the variation that makes the needle point about twenty degrees east of north over most of the United States).

Now put your watch down alongside the compass, raise the straw over the pivot of the watch hands, and turn the watch until the shadow falls over 12 on the watch. By your watch dial 12 is now north and 6 is south, while 9 is west and 3 is east. You have made a compass dial out of your watch at twelve noon, by moving the 12 on the dial round to the point that the compass shows you to be north.

Now, supposing that you find yourself in the wilderness without a compass and do not know your directions, what would you do?

Never Get Lost Without Your Watch

IT is the easiest thing in the world to find your directions if you have a watch, provided you try it between nine A. M. and three P. M. Outside of that time you must guess at it; but from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon your watch will tell your directions.

All that has to be done is to put the watch face upon a level place, then erect a straw or silver over the pivot to which the hands are fastened, and then turn the watch until the shadow of the straw falls over the short hand of your watch. Twelve on the watch dial is now approximately north, 6 is south, 9 is west, and 3 is east. Of course this will not be correct to the degree; but it will be accurate enough for all practical purposes.

The reason for this is found in the fact that the sun rises in the east, swings upward in a path that brings the center of its circle of travel south of the observer at exactly twelve o'clock, and then swings on down and sets in the west.

In the United States the sun rises north of due east in the summer and sets north of due west. In the winter it rises south of due east and sets south of due west; but every day the year round the sun is due south of the observer at exactly noon, sun time. Therefore an observation taken at exactly twelve will locate due south to the fraction of a degree. This line can be fixed by setting a stake on any clear, level space, then at exactly twelve o'clock driving another stake or making a mark at the end of the shadow cast by the perpendicular stake.

A line between the base of the stake and the mark where the shadow fell at noon runs north and south. Just how accurate this may be depends on the operator. If his stake is exactly perpendicular, his shadow is true.

The way I do usually is to use a string with a weight tied on the end, and suspend it, instead of using the stake, because gravity pulls the string straight and the shadow is thin. Hence it is accurate and runs due north and south at exactly twelve noon. Using the watch face gets the same result.

The Wall Street Girl

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Illustration by George E. Wolfe

"'I have something very important to say to you,' he said; 'it's about my getting married.' 'But I thought that was all settled.'"

THAT evening, before Frances left Don alone in the study, she bent over him and kissed him. Then she heard her father's footsteps and ran.

Don was remarkably cool. So was Stuyvesant; but there was nothing remarkable about that. When his daughter told him that Don was waiting to see him, his eyes narrowed the least bit and he glanced at his watch. He had a bridge engagement at the club in half an hour. Then he placed both hands on his daughter's shoulders and studied her eyes.

"What's the matter, girlie?" he asked.

"Nothing, dad," she answered. "Only—I'm very happy."

"Good," he nodded. "And that is what I want you to be every minute of your life."

Entering his study, Stuyvesant sat down in a big chair to the right of the open fire and waved his hand to another opposite him.

"Frances said you wished to talk over something with me," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered Don. He did not sit down. He could think better on his feet. "It's about our marriage."

Stuyvesant did not answer. He never answered until the other man was through. Then he knew where he stood.

"I don't know whether or not you know the sort of will father left," began Don.

Stuyvesant did know, but he gave no indication of the fact. He had been waiting a year for something of this sort.

"Anyhow," Don went on, "he took a notion to tie up most of the estate. Except for the house—well, he left me pretty nearly strapped. Before that, he'd been letting me draw on him for anything I wanted. When I asked you for Frances I expected things would go on as they were.

"When the change came, I had a talk with Frances, and we agreed that the thing to do was for me to go out and earn about the same sum dad had been handing to me. Ten thousand a year seemed at the time what we needed. She said that was what her allowance had been."

Again Don paused, in the hope that Stuyvesant might wish to contribute something to the conversation. But Stuyvesant waited for him to continue.

"So I went out to earn it. Barton found a position for me with Carter, Hand & Seagraves, and I started in. It's a fact I expected to get that ten thousand inside of a year."

Don lighted a cigarette. The further he went, the less interest he was taking in this explanation. Stuyvesant's apparent indifference irritated him.

"That was a year ago," Don resumed. "To-day I'm drawing the same salary I started with—twelve hundred. I expect a raise soon—perhaps to twenty-five hundred. But the point is this: I figure that it's going to take me some five years to get that ten thousand. I don't want to wait that long before marrying Frances. Another point is this: I don't think any longer that it's necessary. I figure that we can live on what I'm earning now. So I've put it up to her."

DON had hurried his argument a little, but, as far as he was concerned, he was through. The whole situation was distasteful to him. The longer he stayed here, the less it seemed to be any of Stuyvesant's business.

"You mean you've asked my daughter to marry you on that salary?" inquired Stuyvesant.

"I asked her this afternoon," nodded Don. "I suggested that we get married to-morrow or next day. You see, I'm on my vacation, and I have only two weeks."

Stuyvesant flicked the ashes from his cigar. "And what was her reply?"

"She wanted me to put the proposition before you. That's why I'm here."

"I see. And just what do you expect of me?"

"I suppose she wants your consent," answered Don. "Anyhow, it seemed only decent to let you know."

Stuyvesant was beginning to chew the end of his cigar—a bit of nervousness he had not been guilty of for twenty years. "At least, it would have been rather indecent not to have informed me," he answered. "But, of course, you don't expect my consent to such an act of idiocy."

It was Don's turn to remain silent.

"I've no objection to you personally," Stuyvesant began. "When you came to me and asked for my daughter's hand, and I found that she wanted to marry you, I gave my consent. I knew your blood, Pendleton, and I'd seen enough of you to believe you were clean and straight. At that time I also had every reason to believe that you were to have a sufficient income to support the girl properly. If she had wanted to marry you within the next month, I wouldn't have said a word at that time. When I learned that conditions had been changed by the terms of your father's will, I waited to see what you would do. And I'll tell you frankly, I like the way you've handled the situation up to now."

"I don't get that last," Don answered.

"Then let me help you," Stuyvesant resumed grimly. "In the first place, get that love-in-a-cottage idea out of your head. It's a pretty enough conceit for those who are forced to make the best of their personal misfortunes, but that is as far as it goes. Don't for a moment think it's a desirable lot."

"In a way, that's just what I am thinking," answered Don.

"Then it's because you don't know any better. It's nonsense. A woman wants money and wants the things she can buy with money. And she's entitled to those things. If she can't have them, then it's her misfortune. If the man she looks to to supply them can't give them to her, then it's his misfortune. But it's nothing for him to boast about. If he places her in such a situation deliberately, it's something for him to be ashamed of."

"I can see that, sir," answered Don, "when it's carried too far. But you understand that I'm provided with a good home and a salary large enough for the ordinary decent things of life."

"That isn't the point," broke in Stuyvesant. "We'll admit the girl won't have to go hungry, but she'll go without a lot of other things that she's been brought up to have, and, as long as I can supply them, things she's entitled to have. On that salary you won't supply her with many cars, you won't supply her with the kind of clothes she is accustomed to, you won't supply her with all the money she wants to spend. What if she does throw it away? That's her privilege now. I've worked twenty-five years to get enough so that she can do just that. There's not a whim in the world she can't satisfy. And the man who marries her must give her every single thing I'm able to give her—and then something more."

"In money?" asked Don.

"The something more—not in money." He rose and stood before Don.

"I've been frank with you, Pendleton, and I'll say I think the girl cares for you. But I know Frances better than you, and I know that, even if she made up her mind to do without all these things, it would mean a sacrifice. As far as I know, she's never had to make a sacrifice since she was born. It isn't necessary. Get that point, Pendleton. It isn't necessary, and I'll not allow any man to make it necessary if I can help it."

He paused as if expecting an outburst from Don. The latter remained silent.

"I've trusted you with the girl," Stuyvesant concluded. "Up to now I've no fault to find with you. You've lost your head for a minute, but you'll get a grip on yourself. Go ahead and make your fortune, and come to me again. In the meanwhile, I'm willing to trust you further."

"If that means not asking Frances to marry me to-morrow, you can't, sir."

"You—you wouldn't ask her to go against my wishes in the matter?"

"I would, sir."

"And you expect her to do so?"

"I hope she will."

"Well, she won't," Stuyvesant answered. He was chewing his cigar again.

"You spoke of the something more, sir,"

Continued on page 16

* "The Wall Street Girl" began in our issue of December 25, 1915.

The House that Jill Built

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bingham

IN up-to-the-minute nursery tales we may now look for "The House that Jill Built." First of all, where shall your house be? Ask Mrs. M. Pollieu McIntyre, real estate operator. What she doesn't know about suburban property isn't interesting, anyhow. "Women are the home-builders of the country," says Mrs. McIntyre, "and they more and more seem to like to deal with other women. The secret of my success? Certainly. I never make people buy what they don't want."

Photograph from A. C. Marlowe

MISS A. M. DURKIN, of the firm of Durkin & Lane, is an able contractor and constructor, and likes to work with women and for women, because, she says, "they know exactly what they want and are so businesslike. And," says Miss Durkin, "the growing popularity of women architects will bring more and more women contractors into the field."

Photograph by Paul Thompson

HOUSEKEEPERS, be of good cheer, for at last you may deal with architects who will give you enough closet room. Miss Josephine Chapman has designed apartment-houses, schools, and business buildings, but home planning occupies the warmest corner in her heart. "All the little things that go to make a house a comfort as well as an artistic success," says Miss Chapman, "those are what every woman architect knows."

AFTER Contractor Durkin has mussed your new yard all up for you, you might call in Miss Ruth Dean to smooth it down again into a most delightful garden; for Miss Dean is a landscape architect. Miss Dean maintains that a most harmonious effect may be got after the architect proper (Miss Chapman, for instance) and the landscape architect have had their fourth cup of tea together. "Then we don't get any such hodge-podge as a Colonial dwelling surrounded by an Italian garden," says Miss Dean.

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bingham

"WHAT is a home without a garden, and what is a garden without a fountain?" is the way the sculptor, Sarah Morris Green, argues; and Miss Green's fountains tinkle melodiously all the way from Maine to San Francisco. Left to their own devices, preoccupied millionaires would probably put futurist fountains and Grecian statuary right in the midst of grandmother's hollyhocks, and thus produce a "jarring note," as Miss Green calls it.

LAST, but very much not least, comes Miss Anne Broome's finger in this domestic pie. Miss Broome is a culinary arrangement expert. She gives one glance around a newly finished kitchen, and instantly in her mind's eye sees a sink here, a stove there, and cupboards much completer than Old Mother Hubbard's over yonder. And when Miss Broome's last flour-bin is in place, that ends the story of the clever feminine secret who will build your house for you if you like.

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bingham

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bingham

WHEN their new home is finished, some people think all they have to do is to move into it all the taborets and antimacassars and bead hangings that they have, together with the "Stag at Bay" contributed by dear Aunt Ellen. But not if Miss Ethel Reeve gets there first. For she is an interior decorator, and her job is to save you from color combinations and furnishings that talk back to each other.

What I am

Photograph by Byron Brothers.

WHEN the Supreme Court kindly and courteously dissolved the Standard Oil Company, thus doubling the fortunes of all the owners, each of the big insiders manifested his joy in his own peculiar way. Some built a couple of new castles; some bought yachts; Mr. Rockefeller added two dry crackers and a cup of tepid water to each meal. But Henry C. Folger, Jr., slipped quietly out and bought another rare and priceless edition of Shakespeare. It is not yet decided whether Shakespeare or Bacon wrote the plays, but the heirs of either will have to deal with Mr. Folger, who has more Shakespeare books than any other American, and is prouder of them than of all his millions.

Photograph from the American Magazine.

THIS is the closest together that Ida M. Tarbell and Mr. Folger have ever been. While he and his associates were busy making the Standard Oil Company, she was busy telling the world how they did it. Now she and John and Henry don't speak. She is called "the greatest woman journalist in America," but that does not make her proud. What she is really proud of is the first crop of potatoes she raised on her Connecticut farm. "You can't tell about writing," she says, "but potatoes are an unquestionable contribution to human progress."

MAXFIELD PARRISH is not proud of the fact that an American home is complete without a lithograph of one of his masterpieces; nor of the fact that he painted the finest picture in any café in the United States—his "Old King Cole," in the bar of the Knickerbocker Hotel, New York; nor of the medals that art societies have pinned on him. No; he is most proud that no photographer has ever taken his picture. This which you see here is not a photograph, but a painting by Kenyon Cox.

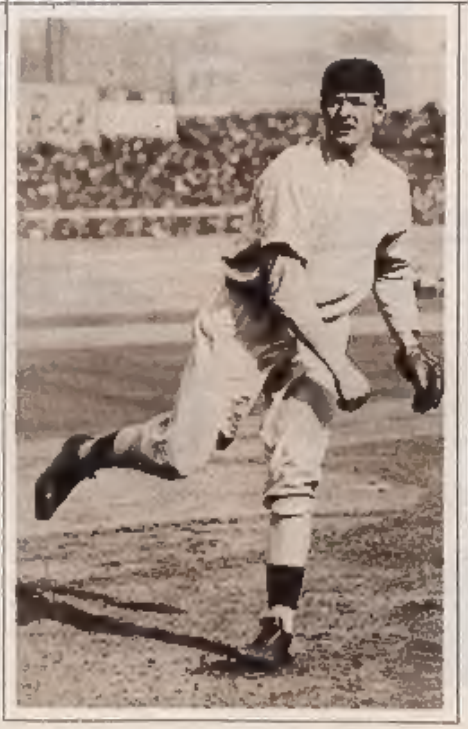
Photograph by Byron Brothers.

CHRISTY MATHEWSON'S first ambition was to play the horn in his home town band at Factoryville, Pennsylvania. His next ambition was to be the greatest pitcher in the world. Then to have $100,000. All these dreams he realized, and still his restless soul was restless. The proudest day in his life was when he drove his golf ball on to the green of the fifteenth hole at Van Cortlandt Park, New York, in one stroke. Few have done it: Matty is one of the few. He means to have that fact carved on his head-stone.

Photograph by Byron Brothers.

THE Rev. Elizabeth Padgham was proudly showing a visitor all over her tiny domain at Rutherford, New Jersey, the other day. First her own study, with its big desk where she writes her sermons, then the trim little brown church, then the parish house, with its kitchenette for Ladies' Aid suppers, and its stage, with a real curtain. The minister slid her toe along the polished floor, and then it came out—what she is proudest of, after all. "At our opening party," she smiled reminiscently, "one of the elders asked me if I thought I could lead off with a one-step—and I did."

Photograph by Alice Boughton.



"MY grandmother had three children, and I have three children, and I have three children well, isn't it? And both my grandchildren to be well known actresses." Miss Twelve-Pound Look" when one re she gave up the job—just the way youngster back to health. "There is "but the very noblest way is through

Most Proud of

Copyright Bain's Brothers

ON March 1 1915 Joseph Day took possession of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad in New York for $25,000,000. the largest realtors sale on record. Mr Day began business for himself when he was twenty-two and realized a net twenty-five people a day. He works fifteen hours a day and sleeps five, in spite of the fact that he has six children. But what he is really proud of is the fact that he purchased $8 000,000 worth of real estate in one year

HENRY C. LEWIS prides himself most on being the oldest member of the New York Stock Exchange and next to that he is most proud that he has declined more political offices than any other living man. Twice he refused portfolios as Secretary of the Treasury once Collector of the Port of New York and once candidate for Governor of New York. No one will ever convince Mr Bryan that Mr Clews is a human being. His most famous saying is "Don't marry without money. When money leaves by the fire-escape love slips down the dumb-waiter." The world may not be exactly that a the idea.

Photograph by Bruno Brothers

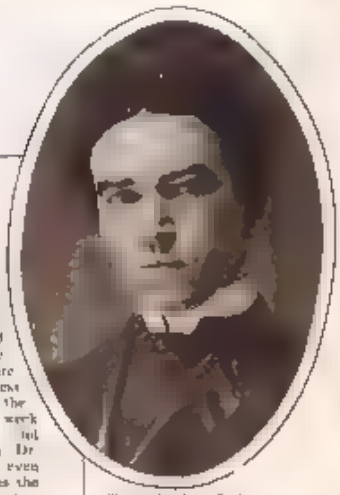
[illegible] Barrymore [illegible] my mother had three [illegible] keeping up the family [illegible] and my brother [illegible] one of the girls [illegible] was surviving $3000 a week in The Youngster [illegible] with measles; and [illegible] I rose up and [illegible] get to make the [illegible] ways of expressing yourself" she says. "children.

IT was in the New York State suffrage campaign that Mrs. Norman de R. White's house thought of the One Day Woman's Strike. "Is woman's place in the home?" said Mrs. Whitehouse.

Let's have them stay there a day and see. A dollar and a half will be wages of fifty women taking care of children and minister the master and twenty-five letters to editors telling how of the plan Results? Thousands of columns of information about the importance of women in the industrial world, and incidentally but also many thousands of columns of free advertisement of the suffrage cause.

It's what the little $1.50 did, that is grandstand, says Mrs. Whitehouse.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.



Photograph by Bain's Brothers

THIS is a grand old [illegible] for the Y M C A. Mike Gibbons was once a metal-worker at three dollars a day. Then he got interesting in the Y M C A. gymnasium, and since then he has boxed seventy-eight times, and scored fifty-one knockouts. Note the word boxed as a very important. Mike is most proud of the fact that he has never allowed himself to be referred to as a fighter or a [illegible]. I'm a boxer, he says: and, mindful of those fifty-one knockouts, we respectfully allow him to have his own way.

Photograph by Bruno Brothers

They Built Their Homes a Nickel at a Time

Proving that any family in the United States can own a home if they really make up their minds to do it

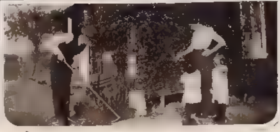
HARRY THORNE of California, Kentucky, admits that his account with the Ohio River is squared. The river and he now stand fifty-fifty with no hard feelings on either side. Three times in eight years the Ohio [illegible] up Harry's front steps and washed his household goods [illegible] the [illegible]. Then Harry decided to build a house that would make Noah's ark look like an imitation. [illegible] the work with his own hands and every bit of the weather-boarding was provided out of logs which the river washed down to him. Harry figured he saved $2000 by the river's generosity and his own hard work.

THE government [illegible] and [illegible] are away [illegible] the [illegible] will [illegible] the [illegible] Franklin [illegible] Secretary of the Interior. [illegible] thinking [illegible] are making [illegible] women [illegible] write [illegible] reference.

HIRAM [illegible] a house [illegible] built their own home on a [illegible] a week without getting themselves in debt [illegible]. Their [illegible] $500. Together [illegible] the concrete foundation on May 10, and from then until September [illegible] Mrs. Pollock worked every day [illegible] their home [illegible] worth $2,500.

IT'S no [illegible] to work long hours on the railroad and then come home [illegible] start house-building," says Edward [illegible] of Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, that is what Edward did. For [illegible] years his evenings and holidays, and whatever he was able to save out of a brakeman's salary, went into this house. As it stands it would cost about $6000 built in the ordinary way. Edward built it in his own extraordinary way, saved the $9000, and educated nine children while the house was being built.

STOP [illegible] Morgan [illegible] years [illegible] a week [illegible] the [illegible] years [illegible] the [illegible] The [illegible] program [illegible] who believe that [illegible] cheap [illegible]



Photograph from [illegible] Smith

WHEN J. D. Baldwin's salary was raised from $75 to $84 a month, he and Mrs. Baldwin put the extra $9 a month into a home fund instead of a little city lot; they bought an acre on the outskirts of Los Angeles—plenty of room for the babies, and for the garden

[illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] new home and [illegible] sell the [illegible] for [illegible]

With Elmer Left In

By SEWELL FORD

Illustration by Frank Snapp

A[illegible] that it was a [illegible] day [illegible] the Corrugated. [illegible] I might [illegible] just [illegible] in my coffee, or lock Piddie in the bond safe. Neither of them performances would be quite so [illegible] for me to give out particulars about this special directors' meetin' that was goin' on. Speakin' [illegible] and large [illegible] [illegible] juggle, ain't you? And with them [illegible] think it [illegible] work.

Anyway, Old Hickory has chewed up four brunette cigars the size of young baseball bats, two of the Board have threatened to resign, and a hurry call has just been sent out for our chief counsel to report when Mr. Robert glances annoyed towards the door. It's nobody but [illegible]-haired Vincent, that has my old place on the gate, and he's merely beckin' [illegible].

"For heaven's sake, Torchy," says Mr. Robert, "see what that boy wants. I've already waved him away twice. Of course [illegible]."

"I got you," says I, and I slips out to where Vincent is waitin'.

"Buildin' on fire?" says I.

"Why, no, sir," says he, goin' dug-eyed.

"Oh!" says I. "Then who you got waitin' out there—Secretary Daniels or the Czar of Russia?"

Vincent pinks up like a geranium and smiles shy, like he always does when he's kidded. "If you please, sir," says he, "it's only a lady, to see Mr. Mason, sir."

"Huh!" says I. "[illegible] W[illegible] here, eh? Must be one of the family."

"Oh no, sir," says Vincent. "I'm quite sure it [illegible]."

"Then shunt her, Vincent," says I. "For you can take it from me, K. W. [illegible] present writing. Shoo her."

"Yes-s-s, sir," says he, "but—but I [illegible] you would see her a moment yourself, sir."

"[illegible] as hard as that," says I. "I will."

PRETTY fair [illegible] [illegible] breath, just by itself. How was that for [illegible] [illegible] in Brooklyn [illegible] for Mr. Mason?" [illegible]

"For a second it looked like Gladys was goin' to [illegible] but she first gives a whole on the once-over and indulges in a [illegible] gasp"

[illegible] forgets [illegible] [illegible] Miss Tozer [illegible] Mr. Mason [illegible] [illegible]

and [illegible] Mr. Robert [illegible] [illegible]

"Ah don't know as it is," says she, "only Ah promised, ef ever Ah got to Noo Yawk, Ah'd look him up. And Ah sure would like to see Warrie mahself."

"Warrie!" says I. "Oh, gosh! Why, you mean young Mr. Mason—Warren, don't you?"

She nods.

"Well, say, that's too bad," says I. "My fault, though. But I never thought of Warrie as the one. Why, he hasn't been with the Corrugated for over a year now."

I might have added that we'd had hard work missin' him any time. Not that he wasn't all right in his [illegible] case of bein' more ornamental than useful. So, when he [illegible] the and a specialist orders him South, it wasn't any serious jolt to the business world. And when he finally shows up again it didn't take much urgin' from Mr. Robert to induce him to pass up his financial career for good. He was engaged to be married anyway, and he should have been enough to occupy his mind.

Where could run across [illegible] was the big puzzle [illegible] easiest way to solve it was to ask her. Which I do.

"Why, at Sand Spur Point," says she.

"Sand Spur, did you say?" puts in Mr. Robert. "Isn't that the place he discovered when he was sent South to take out his shoulder? Florida [illegible]"

"[illegible]

"Of course," [illegible] Mr. Robert [illegible] [illegible] have [illegible] her."

"We all thought a heap of Warrie," says Miss Tozer, [illegible]

Mr. Robert gets the full force of it, for he's been watchin' her eyes sort of curious; and [illegible] if he don't fall for it most as hard as me and Vincent.

"By George!" says he, "I'm sure Warrie would [illegible] Sand Spur [illegible] know where you're stopping. I'll send [illegible]."

"Wouldn't [illegible] up with pop on a lumber-schooner and [illegible] Sand [illegible] sunrise."

"[illegible] Warren [illegible] [illegible]

Mr. [illegible]

"[illegible] know where he is [illegible] whispers, "[illegible] with him."

"[illegible]," says I. "Would you take a chance?"

"Eh?" says Mr. Robert.

Then, as he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

S[illegible]

[illegible]

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this clipping to the Editor
EVERY WEEK

Spur? By Jove! It—it can't be Valen-

quite in the moonlight. So he's a [illegible] but you might like to step out a "Step out nothing!" says h her in. T time sooner

"—al?" I gasps g Valentine

"Most certainly," says h it see here, you big ox got any idea how she's

"The styles in Sand Spur a'n't changed any But this is Fifth nuchy," says he, droppin one of his big paws on my shoulder. "what I shall have to remember a girl Valentina

in a roomy old motor and hours, with a stalled

bus Valentina did, and towed me in wasn't anything me. And now—

Honest, in all I'd seen of her at the mugated. I'd never known Warrie n to get so much like a lit

ushed Va her by the arm, and was steerin h dle of the Tarleton's Loose

"this is Valentina Tomer I've told you so much about know Miss

says Gladys, a bit choky and

a the dazed, sh don't show it. She lets a couple of French rs peel off the fi eater and, be choice of that pair revealed she's some conspicuous. I second it looked like Gladys was goin co wi h horror; but after givin Va- a the once-over, she just lifts her shoulders a trifle and indulges in a pat roky little giggl.

Of the two em, I will say that Va- a tas dress of Miss Prentice's must have jarred

the writer he turns to V "Well, well!" says he enthusiasti a treat Did you come up by train

Schooner" says Valentina. "You know all the oysters you saw 'em yankin out of the swamp back of the Point? Well h it a lumber now, every stick. Solid Then's wha me and pop came in

"You don't say!" says Warrie. "How

Then they both laughed, like it was some huge jo

Valentina, "I was just doin' a h at Sand Spur That would cure of anything

s Gladys. "It must

swaps grass necks strung along two ruts through the sand

crackers d

"Oh, a little more than that," breaks in Warrie. "You forget the roses and the

Black eyes and out from the jade-green Gulf where he sun goes down so glorious You he brilliant mornings and he won derful soft moonlight nights

WELL, that's the way them two wer like a couple of kids talkin over

Valentina could cook, and hasn't th his life. Seems as if he'd made whole population for h sic about all of 'em by their favor

Listenin o 'em was sort of interestin to me, but Miss Prentice and Conrad the fine that she's bored stiff Mean- waitin through a first-clas hair, now o'clock Valentin that she'll h

Warrie says he'll send her down in a cab, me if I'll go along see that she gets there safe, which I says I will. She a or our ulster when s some one else in Sand

"Oh, by the way," says he, "what about

usual, eh?" asks Warrie She nods. "Wednesdays now too

ys Warrie, "you and Elmer says Valentina. "Some- Then, a of an afterthought he holds out his hand "My best wishes for you both

"Thanks," says Valentina, and give him about half a smile Next she glan towards Gladys the one

" says Valentina. "Good

They shook hands more—sort of a long lingerin shake, with their eyes steady to each other and then—well, then and strows her in the have much to say on the way down. Nor I. And take it from me, it's some ride from the Tarle wn to Pier 9, East River.

FIRST thing next mornin' Mr. Rob- ert wants to know how the reunion d off and he listens bug-eyed as I describes the way we rung in on the ne-nasty w h Ga

"The deuce you did!" says he. "Just that, though. Bu at all, she will pay him back for that little prank."

"Now you've said somethin'," nd Valentina," he adds reflectively her way back to Sand Spur is she" that's where she belongs and yet—"

"Well, yet what?" demands Mr Rob- sort of quizzin'

"I was only thinkin'," says I, "that if cards could have been shuffled differ t, with Gladys startin in Sand Spur d Valentina on the Avenue, Warrie

him across the dinner-tabl , then, maybe Elmer of the Swamp deserves lucky breaks. Who knows?"

Tickling a Shark at Tahiti

By WILLIAM F. MANNIX

Y[illegible] you visit Tahiti. The tall, high-brown native whom you will meet in the shade of a mango tree will tickle twenty sharks for you at the small cost of a dollar Chile (about forty cents) per head or tail. Terms are strictly payment in advance for shark-tickling [illegible]

"[illegible] have three wives, O friend, and a family of fourteen children," he tall, [illegible]-brown [illegible] will tell you. "The [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] like [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] your [illegible] noble exercise."

[illegible] the Shark Sleeps

The shark suffers from chronic hunger. Be he never so gorged, something urges him on to partake of more food, and to [illegible] and eat. But he [illegible] the heat of the day, when [illegible] the sky and the waters of the lagoon are warm and limpid, to take a nap down in a grotto of the coral reef.

[illegible] surface a native [illegible] drawing [illegible] the roof it [illegible] parallel to the breaking surf on the outer [illegible] To the stranger [illegible] green wall of water [illegible] things thoughts of [illegible] a wash of the wave will overwhelm the frail boat. But the native in the bow is [illegible] unconcerned person imaginable [illegible] object he is interested in is a [illegible] tail sticking out of the reef.

Presently he sights one. He signals to the steersman, and the canoe is luffed [illegible] his [illegible] surface. [illegible] four or [illegible] can catches a glimpse of the long, lithe tail of a shark and a huge pectoral fin that sways continually with a sidewise motion and sends up tiny ripples to the surface.

The native diver picks up a coil of [illegible] rope [illegible] knife in his [illegible] the water. There is [illegible] splash; the least disturbance would alarm the shark and the tickling performance be postponed [illegible]

It is a wonderful feat in the art of aquat[illegible]. The native steeps close [illegible] and pulls himself gently down through the water by means of the sea growths, until he is right over the waving tail. Up in the canoe [illegible]

Slowly [illegible] begins to stroke the [illegible] There is a faint movement of the body and the tail sways a little more rapidly.

Again he is stroked, and during the operation the slip-knot of the rope is [illegible] loosely hanging near the spread of the tail. Then quietly the native comes to the surface and one breathes freely again. The [illegible] The steersman takes his place on the outrigger, [illegible] the bow with a yell of "Hula [illegible] to the rope.

The shark has been tickled and caught; it is only a matter of towing him to the beach and telling the tale to your pals [illegible] the club at home, and adding a rider [illegible] [illegible] the Pacific [illegible] after [illegible] half way to [illegible] great [illegible] water.

T[illegible] Shark

He [illegible] fast down to a [illegible] the lagoon. Twice he circled about, and the canoe plowed along in grand style, with the water bubbling and frothing at the [illegible] where the alert-eyed [illegible] tended the tightened rope. Then suddenly [illegible] slackened, and the diver, like a flash, went over the side with a knife in his hand. Two minutes later he surfaced [illegible] toward the shark [illegible] sixteen feet [illegible]

Good Morning, Your Hair Is Too Long

With [illegible] months hundreds of [illegible] to answer a telephone call [illegible] is this Mr Jones? Well [illegible] to-day to get a hair-cut [illegible] month since you have had a facial massage. I'll put you down for eleven to-morrow.

Wenger [illegible] barber [illegible] several [illegible] of many [illegible] of cards are [illegible] for [illegible] of [illegible] need another hair-cut. On the second [illegible] of cards Mr Wenger enters each day the names of his customers who are scheduled for that particular day.

The system has two big advantages. In the first place, it saves time—there is no waiting around in Wenger's shop. In the second place, it saves the customers from the usual ordeal of "pumping" employed to make them spend more money. Wenger can tell from each card exactly what each customer is good for. He knows that Smith will take a facial massage after his shave, but that Brown would [illegible] a leg [illegible] money so foolishly [illegible] gets [illegible] without asking for [illegible] gets out of the shop without being [illegible]. And there you are.

No more waiting in the barber-shop, no more cries of "Next." This progressive barber telephones each customer when it's time for him to get a hair-cut, and gives him an exact appointment.

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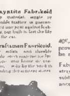

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MUSIC LESSONS BY MAIL

The Wall Street Girl

Continued from page 8

...aid Don. "I think I k...

...found myself stony broke, I was dazed for a while, and thought a good deal, you think. Then this summer I found the...mething more. I wouldn't swap back. Then stay where you are," snapped ...

...ion prepared to leave.

"You haven't forgotten that I have house and twelve hundred."

"I haven't forgotten that was you has..."

"You haven't forgotten the something ..."

Bruyeesant looked at his watch.

"I must be excused now. Pendleton concluded. "And I think on the whole will be better if you don't call here after this.

...

Then he turned quickly and left the room. So, after all, it was he in the end who lost his temper.

DON went to the nearest telephone and rang up Frances.

...planned. She objected to meeting again, so will you please to meet me on the corner right away?"

...happened. He was...

"But, Don dear, he told me not to meet ...

...

"But, Don ..."

"Please to hurry," he said.

She slipped a scarf over her hair and ... gripped her arm and led her confidingly away from the house and toward the park. The sky was clear and just beyond the Big Dipper he saw shining steadily the star he had given Sally Winthrop. He smiled. It was as if she reassured him.

"What did you say to him, Don?" she panted.

"I told him I wished to marry you tomorrow," he answered.

"And he ..."

...

I could give you with my twelve hundred. And I told him I could give you more with my twelve hundred than he could with his ten thousand."

"I've never seen him so angry," she trembled.

"I d... he admi... important, is it? The important thing is whether or not he's right. That's what you and I must decide for ourselves."

She did not quite understand. She thought her father had already decided the question. However, she said nothing. In something of a daze, she allowed herself to be led on toward the park. At night a big, shadowy region with a star-pricked sky overhead. Like one led in a dream she went, her thoughts quite confused, but with the firm grip of his hand upon her arm steadying her. He did not speak again until the paved street and the stone buildings were behind them, until they were among the trees and low bushes and gravel paths. He led her to a bench.

"See those stars?" he asked, pointing.

"Yes, Don."

"I want you to keep looking at them while I'm talking to you," he said.

Just beyond the Big Dipper he saw the star he had given Sally Winthrop. It smiled reassuringly at him.

"What I've learned this summer," he said, "is that after all, the clear sky and those stars are as much a part of New ...the streets and high buildings ...w them. And when you live up ... a little while you forget also the ... hundred or the ten thousand. Those don't ... there. Do you see that?

"... with your father and the trouble w... you and the trouble with me until a little while ag... I drove in the ... I'm pretty sure, if I'd ... with your father, he'd have felt different."

She was doing as he bade her and keeping her eyes raised. She saw the steady ... the twinkling stars and the ... when she felt ... he was saying.

"Yes, Don."

"And the ... The ... a lot of things. You've no idea the things ... New York if ... You, for ... said that if you didn't have cash ... get ... eyes to him. What ... Why, you can get hungry if you don't have too much ... I ... or had ... This ... you don't have too much money, you ... work. It sounds strange to say there's ... to get you into the game, Frances. You're going to like it. Farnsworth is going to ... me. Why, the very things we were planning to get done with before we married ... The ...

SHE appeared frightened.

"Oh, Don, we ... we couldn't get married like that anyway."

... married ... certainly it's possible."

She shook her head.

"No, no. I—I couldn't. Oh, Don, you'll have to give me time to think."

"There's ... time," he frowned. "... me. I'm ... I'm afraid."

"Afraid of myself," she answered quickly. "Afraid of dad. Oh, I'm afraid of everyone."

"... of me?" He took her hand.

"When you speak of to-morrow I am," she admitted. "While you were talking, there were moments when—when I could do as you wish. But they didn't last."

"That's because you didn't keep ... eyes on the stars," he assured her gently.

"And that's what I'm afraid of—that I shouldn't be able to keep them there ... you don't know how selfish I ... and how many things I want."

She was seeing herself clearly now and speaking from the depths of her soul.

"Maybe it isn't all my fault. And you're wonderful, Don. It's that which ...

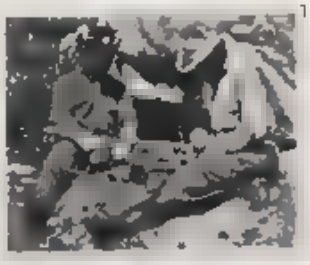
He kissed her hand. ...

..." she answered. "It's some woman you've played there—some woman who

They Have Got Their Death Sentence

TWO great, gray timber wolves as big as Newfoundland dogs took up their abode in the Mogollon Mountains in Arizona. After dark they fared abroad and bearstrung and pulled down grown cattle, killing as many as fifteen head in a single night. The cattlemen of the region were ... An expert hunter in the ... was employed ... the task of killing ...

After a study of the haunts of the wolves, the hunter shot a burro, their



... paper near the mea... Thus he lured the male wolf.

The female was tracked to her lair. In a cavern on a cliffside were found the young ones, ten in number. In her attempt to save her cubs, the mother wolf was shot. Then the little ones were killed.

Such is a typical case of the activities of one of the hundred professional hunters in the employ of the United States, whose duty is to decrease the number of predacious animals that prey upon stockmen.

might have been there—that you see. But she isn't there, because—because I can't go with you."

Some woman he had put there? He looked at the stars, and the little star by the Big Dipper was shining steadily at him. He passed his hand over his forehead.

"If she were really in me, she'd go with you to-morrow," Frances ran on excitedly. "She'd want to get into the game. She'd want to be hungry with you, and she wouldn't care about anything else in the world but you. She—she'd want to suffer, Don. She'd be almost glad that you had no money. Her father wouldn't count, because she'd care so much."

She drew her cape about her shoulders.

"Yes," he answered in a hoarse whisper; "she's like that."

"So, don't you see—"

"Good Lord, I do see!" he exclaimed.

NOW he saw.

With his head swimming, with his breath coming short, he saw. But he was as dazed as a man suddenly given sight in the glare of the blazing sun.

Frances was frightened by his silence.

"I—I think we'd better go back now," she said gently.

He escorted her to the house without quite knowing how he found the way. At the door she said:

"Don't you understand, Don?"

"Yes," he answered; "for the first time."

"And you'll not think too badly of me?"

"It isn't anything you can help," he answered. "It isn't anything I can help, either."

"And don't think too badly of dad," she pleaded. "He'll cool down soon, and then—you must come and see me again."

She held out her hand, and he took it. Then swiftly she turned and went into the house. He hurried back to the path—to the path where on Saturday afternoons he had walked with Sally Winthrop.

He saw now. Blind fool that he had been, month after month! He sank on a bench and went back in his thoughts to the first time he had ever seen Sally Winthrop. She had reminded him that it was luncheon time, and when he had gone out she had been waiting for him. She must have been waiting for him, or he never would have found her. And she had known he was hungry.

"She'd want to be hungry with you," Frances had said.

How had Sally Winthrop known that he was hungry? She had known, and had shared with him what she had.

Then incident after incident in the office came back to him. It was she who had taught him how to work. It was for her that he had worked.

Frances had used another phrase: "She'd be almost glad you had no money."

There was only one woman in the world he knew who would care for a man like that—if she cared at all. That brought him to his feet again. He glared about as if searching for her in the dark. Why wasn't she here now, so that he might ask her if she did care? She had no business to go off and leave him like this! He did not know where she was.

Don struck a match and looked at his watch. It was eight-thirty. Somehow, he must find her. He had her old address, and it was possible that she had left word where she had gone. At any rate, this was the only clue he had.

He made his way back to the Avenue, and, at a pace that at times almost broke into a run, went toward the club and the first taxi he saw. In twenty minutes he was standing on the steps where he had last seen her. She had wished him to say "good-by"; but he remembered that he had refused to say "good-by."

The landlady knew Miss Winthrop's address, but she was not inclined to give it to him. At first she did not like the expression in his eyes. He was too eager.

"Seems to me," she argued, "she'd have told parties where she was going if she wanted them to know."

"But this is very important," he insisted. "Maybe it's a lot more important to you than it is to her," she replied.

"But look here—"

"You can leave your name and address, and I'll write to her," she offered.

"Look here," Don said desperately. "Do you want to know what my business is with her?"

"It's none of my business, but—"

"I want to ask her to marry me," he broke in. "That's a respectable business, isn't it?"

He reached in his pocket and drew out a bill. He slipped it into her hand.

"Want to marry her?" exclaimed the woman. "Well, now, I wouldn't stand in the way of that. Will you step in while I get the address?"

"I'll wait here. Only hurry. There may be a late train."

She was back in a few seconds, holding a slip of paper in her hand.

"It's to Brenton, Maine, she's gone."

Don grabbed the paper.

"Thanks."

He was half way down the steps when she called after him:

"Good luck to ye, sir."

"Thanks," he called back.

Then he gave his order to the driver: "To the Grand Central."

Don found that he could take the midnight train to Boston and connect there with a ten o'clock train next morning. This would get him into Portland in time for a connection that would land him at Brenton at four that afternoon. He went back to the house to pack his bag.

"I'm going away to-night for a few days—perhaps for two weeks," he told Nora.

"Yes, sir."

"I'll wire you what my plans are—either to-morrow or next day."

"And it is to be soon, sir?"

"I can't tell you for sure, Nora, until I've cleared up one or two little matters; but—you can wish me luck, anyway."

"I'll do that, sir."

"And the house is ready, isn't it?"

"Everything is ready, sir."

"That's fine. Now I'm going to pack."

HIS packing finished, Don went downstairs with still an hour or more on his hands before train-time. But he did not care to go anywhere. He was absolutely contented here. He was content merely to wander from room to room. He sat down at the piano in the dark, and for a long while played to her—played to her just the things he knew she would like.

It was half past eleven before he left the house, and then he went almost reluctantly. She was more here than anywhere in the world except where he was going. And he found himself quite calm about her here. The moment he came out on the street again he noticed a difference. His own phrase came back to frighten him:

"She'd care like that—if she cared at all."

Supposing that, after he found her, she did not care?

At the station he wondered if it were best to wire her, but decided against it. She might run away. It was never possible to tell what a woman might do, and Sally Winthrop was an adept at concealing herself. He remembered that period when, although he had been in the same office with her, she had kept herself as distant as if across the ocean. She had only to say, "Not at home," and it was as if she said, "I am not anywhere."

He went to his berth at once, and had, on the whole, a bad night of it. He asked himself a hundred questions that he could not answer—that Sally Winthrop alone could answer. Though it was only lately that he had prided himself on knowing her desires in everything, he was forced to leave all these questions unanswered.

At ten the next morning he took the train for Portland. At two he was on the train for Brenton and hurrying through a strange country to her side.

When he reached Brenton he was disappointed not to find her when he stepped from the train. The station had been so closely identified with her through the long journey that he had lost sight of the fact that it existed for any other purpose. But only a few station loafers were there to greet him, and they revealed but an

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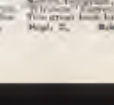

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indifferent interest. He approached one of them.

"Can you tell me where Miss Winthrop is stopping?"

The man looked blank.

"No one of that name in this town," he finally answered.

"Isn't this Brenton?"

"It's Brenton, right enough."

"Then she's here," declared Don.

"Is she visitin'?" inquired the man.

Don nodded.

"A cousin, or something."

A second man spoke up:

"Ain't she the one who's stopping with Mrs. Halliday?"

"Rather slight, with brown eyes," volunteered Don.

"Dunno the color of her eyes," answered the first man, with a wink at the second. "But that's some one stoppin' thar. Been here couple days or so."

"That's she," Don decided.

He drew a dollar bill from his pocket.

"I want one of you to take a note to her from me."

He wrote on the back of a card:

I'm at the station. I must see you at once.
DON.

"Take that to her right away and bring me an answer," he ordered.

The man took both bill and card and disappeared.

IT was an extremely frightened girl that within five minutes appeared upon the station platform. She was quite out of breath, for she had been running. As he came toward her with outstretched hands, she stared at him from head to foot, as if to make sure he was not minus an arm or a leg.

"Won't you even shake hands with me?" he asked anxiously.

"You—you gave me such a fright," she panted.

"How?"

"I thought—I thought you must have been run over."

He seemed rather pleased.

"And you cared?" he asked eagerly.

She was fast recovering herself now.

"Well, it wouldn't be unnatural to care, would it, if you expected to find a friend all run over?"

"And, now that you find I'm not a mangled corpse, you don't care at all."

Of course he wouldn't choose to be a corpse, because he would not have been able to enjoy the situation; but, on the whole, he was sorry that he did not have a mangled hand or something to show. Evidently his whole hand did not interest her—she had not yet offered to take it.

"How in the world did you get here?" she demanded.

"I took the train."

"But—has anything happened?"

"Lots of things have happened," he said. "That's what I want to tell you about."

He looked around. His messenger was taking an eager interest in the situation.

"That's why I came to see you," he explained. "Of course, if it's necessary to confide also in your neighbor over there, I'll do it; but I thought that perhaps you could suggest some less public place."

She appeared frightened in a different sort of way now.

"But, Mr. Pendleton—"

"I'm going to remain here perhaps a day or two," he interrupted.

To him the most obvious course was for her to ask him to meet her cousin and invite him to remain there.

"Is there a hotel in town?" he asked.

"I—I don't think so," she faltered.

"Then," he decided, "I must find some sort of camping place. If you know a bit of woods where I can spend the night, you might direct me."

He was quite himself now. It was a relief to her. And it put her quite off her guard.

"Won't you come and meet my cousin?" she invited.

He picked up his suit-case at once.

"It will be a pleasure," he answered.

She could not imagine what her cousin would think when she appeared so abruptly escorting a young man with a suit-case, but that did not seem to matter. She knew no better than her cousin what had brought him here; but, now that he was here, it was certain that she must take care of him. She could not allow him to wander homelessly around the village or permit him to camp out like a gypsy. It did not occur to her to reason that this predicament was wholly his fault. All the old feeling of responsibility came back.

As they walked side by side down the street, he was amazed to see how much good even these two days in the country had done her. There was more color in her cheeks and more life in her walk. She was wearing a middy blouse, and that made her look five years younger.

She looked up at him.

"I—I thought you had something very important to do in these next few days," she reminded him.

"I have," he answered.

"Then—I don't understand how you came here."

On the train it had seemed to him that he must explain within the first five minutes; but, now that she was actually within sound of his voice, actually within reach, there seemed to be no hurry. In her presence his confidence increased with every passing minute. For one thing, he could argue with her, and whenever in the past he had argued with her he had succeeded.

"I needed you to explain certain things to me," he replied.

She looked away from him.

"About what?" she asked quickly.

"About getting me married."

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

He could not tell what she meant by the little cry. He would have asked her had they not at that moment turned into a gate that led through an old-fashioned garden to a small white cottage.

"I'll have to run ahead and prepare Mrs. Halliday," she said.

So she left him upon the door-step, and he took off his hat to the cool, pine-laden breeze that came from a mountain in the distance. He liked this town at once. He like the elm-lined village street, and the snug white houses, and the quiet and contentment of it. Then he found himself being introduced rather jerkily to Mrs. Halliday—a tall, thin New England type, with kindly eyes set in a sharp face. It was evident at once that after her first keen inspection of this stranger she was willing to accept him with much less suspicion than Miss Winthrop.

"I told Sally this morning, when I spilled the sugar, that a stranger was coming," she exclaimed. "Now you come coming," she exclaimed. "Now you come right upstairs. I reckon you'll want to wash up after that long ride."

"It's mighty good of you to take me in this way," he said.

"Laws sake, what's a spare room for?"

She led the way to a small room with white curtains at the windows and rag rugs upon the floor and a big silk crazy-quilt on an old four-poster bed. She hurried about and found soap and towels for him, and left him with the hope that he would make himself at home.

AND at once he did feel at home. He felt at home just because Sally Winthrop was somewhere in the same house. That was the secret of it. He had felt at home in the station as soon as she appeared; he had felt at home in the village because she had walked by his side; and now he felt at home here. And by that he meant that he felt very free and very happy and very much a part of any section of the world she might happen to be in. It had been so in New York, and it was so here.

He was downstairs again in five minutes, looking for Sally Winthrop. It seemed that Mrs. Halliday's chief concern now was about supper, and that Sally was out in the kitchen helping her. He found that out by walking in upon her and finding her in a blue gingham apron. Her cheeks turned very red and she hurriedly removed the apron.

"Don't let me disturb you," he protested.

That was very easy to say, but he did disturb her. Then Mrs. Halliday shooed her out of the kitchen.

"You run right along now; I can attend to things myself."

"I'd like to help, too," said Don.

"Run along—both of you," insisted Mrs. Halliday. "You'd be more bother than help."

So the two found themselves on the front step again, and Don suggested they remain there. The sun was getting low and bathing the street in a soft light.

"I have something very important to say to you," he began.

"To me?" she exclaimed.

Again there was the expression of astonishment and—something more.

"It's about my getting married," he nodded.

"But I thought that was all settled!"

"It is," he admitted.

"Oh!"

"I think it was settled long before I knew it."

"Then you're to be married right away?"

"I hope so."

"That will be nice."

"It will be wonderful," he exclaimed. "It will be the most wonderful thing in the world!"

"But why did you come 'way down here?"

"To talk it over with you. You see, a lot depends upon you."

"Me?"

Again that questioning personal pronoun.

"A great deal depends upon you. You are to say when it is to be."

"Mr. Pendleton!"

"I wish you'd remember I'm not in the office of Carter, Rand & Seagraves now. Can't you call me just Don?"

She did not answer.

"Because," he explained, "I mean to call you Sally."

"You mustn't."

"I mean to call you that all the rest of my life," he went on more soberly. "Don't you understand how much depends upon you?"

Startled, she glanced up swiftly. What she saw in his eyes made her catch her breath. He was speaking rapidly now.

"Everything depends upon you—upon no one else in all the world but you. I discovered that in less than a day after you left. It's been like that ever since I met you. I love you, and I've come down here to marry you—to take you back with me to the house that's all ready—back to the house you've made ready."

SHE gave a little cry and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't do that," he pleaded.

She looked as if she were crying.

"Sally—Sally Winthrop, you aren't crying?"

He placed a hand upon her arm.

"Don't touch me!" she sobbed.

"Why shouldn't I touch you?"

"Because—because this is all a horrible mistake."

"I'm trying to correct a horrible mistake," he answered gently.

"No—no—no. You must go back to her—right away."

"To Frances?"

She nodded.

"You don't understand. She doesn't want to marry me."

"You asked her?"

"Yes."

"And then—and then you came to me?"

"Yes, little girl. She sent me to you. She—why, it was she that made me see straight!"

Her face was still concealed.

"I—I wish you'd go away," she sobbed.

"You don't understand!" he answered fiercely. "I'm not going away. I love you, and I've come to get you. I won't go away until you come with me."

She rose to her feet, her back toward him.

"Go away!" she cried.

Then she ran into the house, leaving him standing there dazed.

To be concluded next week.

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A Union Mule

Photograph from U. S. Government.

The capitalist hasn't a chance these days—even the animals won't stand for more than an eight-hour day. This is a real union mule, and when the eight hours are up he kicks off his harness, which ought to bring him a medal from the Socialists and I. W. W.'s who believe in rights. It's a dangerous example, though. Next even the Pomeranians will refuse to be hugged after five without an extra allowance of pants fours.

A Woman's Bank Account

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

MY husband says that bankers do not care to be bothered with women who are able to save only three or four hundred dollars a year out of their allowance, and suggests that I put my savings in the Postal Savings Bank. Is it true that bankers resent being troubled by women in my position?

IT is not true that bankers resent being troubled by women who save only three or four hundred dollars a year. Bankers do object to the woman who deposits money and immediately draws it out, to the woman who chronically overdraws her account, and to her who in making up a check-book does not know whether to add or subtract. There are not so many women of this type as there used to be, but there are enough to disturb the peace of mind of a great many bank officials.

Many women—and men too, for that matter—confuse a savings bank with an ordinary commercial bank, or bank of discount, as it is commonly known, where checking accounts are allowed. I should judge that the writer of the foregoing letter needs to open a savings bank account. She says nothing about wanting a check-book, which rarely, if ever, is permitted in a savings bank.

If a woman wants to put her money into a savings bank, she need not have any fear that the officers will find her troublesome, no matter how little she puts in. Most savings banks accept anything from a dollar up. The woman who puts in three or seven or two dollars will be treated just as courteously as if several hundred dollars were placed on deposit. A few banks will take anything from a dime up. Indeed, most savings banks won't let any one person deposit more than a specified amount; usually $3000 is the maximum.

I see no advantage whatever in using the Postal Savings Bank unless one lives in a community where there are no State savings institutions, such as abound in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, or savings departments of strong national banks, which are found in the Western States. I do not know of any savings bank that pays less than 3 per cent., and the Postal pays only 2. Many savings banks pay 4 or even 4½ per cent. I wonder how many of the ignorant foreigners who rush to the Postal Savings for 2 per cent., and pass by great, strong, safe institutions that pay 4 per cent., would do so if they knew that the Government immediately turns their money over to the ordinary commercial banks in the neighborhood? Probably some of the depositors have an idea that their money goes into the United States Treasury vaults in Washington. It does nothing of the sort, for if it did it could not earn even 2 per cent. Of course the Government stands back of these deposits, and guarantees them, in a sense; so there is an element of safety that ordinary banks do not have.

Few Savings Banks Fail

THERE may be a few so-called savings banks that are not trusty; but a statement of their investments will quickly disclose the weak spots, if there are any, and such statements are always to be had. Very few savings banks fail.

To any woman who contemplates opening an account a few words will sum up the course to take. If there is a savings bank in your town with a good reputation, high-class officers, and a sound line of investments, don't be afraid to put your money in it, whether the sum be small or large. If you want a checking account, go to an ordinary bank and ask what is the minimum balance it permits. Except in the big city banks, you will probably be told two or three hundred dollars. If you never or only rarely draw below that amount, the banker will never regard you as a bother. If you disregard ordinary business obligations by constantly drawing below the minimum mentioned, he will regard you as troublesome, and if, like many women,—and men too,—you actually draw out more money than you have put in, he will rightly consider you not only as a pestiferous nuisance, but as absolutely ignorant of a sense of honor and the common decencies.

A Correction

IN our page of "Débutantes," published December 27, we said: "When you are fourteen . . . you may get a job dipping chocolates . . . and thus add $3 a week to the family income."

We shouldn't have made the statement, because it looks like an unjust reflection on the conditions in candy factories. I happen to know that there are no cleaner or more wholesome factories in the country than the factories where candy is made, and that chocolate dippers, instead of being paid $3 a week, are paid from $10 to $21. This magazine wants to give everybody an absolutely square deal, and any reader who points out an inaccuracy to me at any time does me a personal favor.

THE EDITOR.

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